Pathological Facade

by GHOST ft. Kasane Teto AI

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A couple years ago, I was told that I would be a miracle
Something theoretical, I guess
It's kinda like a psychedelic lie, and yet it tries to be
A line between the villains and the rest
A cloudy day, run away on latent aripiprazole
Missing what I reckon is a soul
So flip a coin, let's rejoin our family in the mirror world
Seeing things that cannot be retold

A year ago, I was told that I would be a miracle
Something theoretical, I guess
It's kinda like a psychedelic lie, and yet it tries to be
A line between the villains and the rest
Nostalgia from a wall of barricaded faded memories
Impartial to the carnal scenery
Apparently, guarantees are only found peripherally
Drinking to a total mystery

Well, no matter what I say, it's confusing either way
Well, no matter what I say, it's confusing either.

Stars always watching from afar, turning who you are
In the end, it left me delicately scarred beyond pathological facade
Don't you find it odd?
Secretarial speaking
Go on, praise me like a god
Go on, praise me like a god
Go on, praise me like a god

A couple unaware, laughter in the air after galling
Falling head-first down a flight of stairs
It's kinda like a pre-angelic bygone wannabe
Who's heading towards God-knows-where

Bye-bye-bye goes the time, turning on a dime
Gone without a reason or a rhyme
So flip a coin, let's rejoin our family in the mirror world
Where's everybody's crooked by design

A year ago, I was told that I would be a miracle
Something theoretical, I guess
It's kinda like a psychedelic lie, and yet it tries to be
A line between the villains and the rest
The Tower's gonna fall, and you'll silently rebuild it all
Knowing someone else would be appalled
You're crying as you call out
Halt and move on without someone that you think a lot about

Well, no matter what I say, it's confusing either way
Well, no matter what I say, it's confusing either-
Sunday was jarringly redone; a faulty illusion

The ending left misunderstood amnesia for a diorama love
Who will I become?
It's a bittersweetly never-ending phobia
Who will I become?
Never-ending phobia

A couple years ago, I was told that I would be a miracle
A cloudy day, run away on latent aripiprazole
A couple years ago, I was told that I would be a miracle
Y'know, nostalgia from a dolled-up lucid dream is only clinical
A couple unaware, laughter in the air after falling
Goodbye-bye-bye goes the time, turning on a dime
A couple years ago, I was told that I would be a miracle
The Tower's gonna fall, and you'll silently rebuild it all

Sunday was jarringly redone; a faulty illusion
The ending left misunderstood amnesia for a diorama love
Who will I become?
It's a bittersweet utopia

Stars always watching from afar, turning who you are
In the end, it left me delicately scarred beyond pathological facade
Don't you find it odd?
Secretarial speaking
Go on, praise me like a god
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